FOR STREET AND HOUSE.

Walking Dresses for Summer Wear-How They Can Be Made Simply but With Good Effect-A Costume for Calling-How to

Wear a Veil-Advice to Fashionable Women Special Correspondence of The Evening Star New York, July 14, 1893. DAVE YOU EVER

considered that of all the gowns ever made the one from which you can get the most wear for the longest while and for the greatest number of ocessions is a little black China silk? The silk must be of the very best quality. Such comes as wide as wool, is of

close texture, smooth, glossy surface, and washes like linen. The gown must be made all in one, both skirt and bodice being shirred to a good wide belt. The width of the belt extends above the waist ine, so that the general effect of the gown is shortwaisted. The bodice opens in front, so does the skirt, and what a comfort it is not to have to bother about a placket hole. Make the belt extra big around, and double so as to mmodate a drawing ribbon. The bodice is and has a sort of surplice front; that is, the collar crosses over and fastens at the side, and carries some of the fullness of the bodice with it, making it double-breasted

at the top, though not at the belt line. In this way the bodice fasters securely in a jiffy. The collar is a choker, snug and trim looking. The sleeves are literally enormous. Just as many yards as you can spare and make stay in the armhole should be used to form great unstiffened bishop sleeves that go into a smooth tight cuff coming to the elbow. Of course, this fullness must be arranged with some plan, letting most of it come at the outside of the arm. The skirt clears the ground. There is no danger, you see, of its drooping in the back, of its showing the belt, drooping in the back, of its showing the beit, or of doing any of those aggravating things that the usual round skirt does. It may have a deep ruffle of lace about the bottom, if you think it is not already as pretty as it can be, or, what is more practical, a deep ruffle of the silk, not too full because the skirt is shirred. Such a gown seems to do for all times and places. It is cool and pretty. It may go on over any-thing. It may be worn with a hat outdoors. It will go into the tub and come out almost as good as new. It will last forever. A stiff skirt under it makes it flare, and even if it does not flare it looks all right. The cost is not great, its life is long, and as it is good as new each year it is very economical. A TASTEFUL WALKING DRESS.

Coming to the first model represented that of the initial picture, there is seen a tasteful summer walking dress. It is made of pale blue and white striped crepon, and trimmed with white lace and pale blue satin ribbon. The skirt escapes the ground, and is about three and a half yards wide. It is trimmed with three rows of crepon ruching, is laid in a few pleats in front and gathered to the skirt band in the back. The waist fastens in the center. The fronts and back are taken rather ose, and in the front is a yoke of alternating rows of one and a half inch satin ribbon and lace insertion. This finished with a frill of white lace nine inches wide, gathered to the yoke in the front, and the ends then carried around under the arms up to the shoulder seams, mak-ing a kind of reversed Figaro jacket. The belt the left side. The sleeve has a short puff and is finished at the wrist with a lace frill headed by a crepon ruching. The standing collar is covered with lace.



The next sketch was taken as a hostess parted with her guest and shows the former in a house gown of cheerful coloring and the latter garbed in serviceable and stylish traveling attire. The in serviceable and stylish traveling attire. The material used for the indoor dress is pink woolen crepe trimmed with lettuce green satin ribbon and lace. The gown is open all the way down in front and is finished around the bottom with a pink ruffle about six inches wide. tom with a pink ruffle about six inches wide. The waist has a silk lining. There is a square yoke of embroidered tulle with an insertion of very fine lace laid over green ribbon. At the waist it is shirred four times in groups of two rows each and ornamented with four ribbon bows. The cuffs of the sleeves are also covered with embroidered tulle and garnished with a lace frill and bows; at the top is a large puff. The standing collar is green ribbon covered with lace. The gown hooks from top to bottom in the front. The second costume follows current modes closely. second costume follows current modes closely, and is more elaborate than the usual traveling and is more claborate than the usual traveling dress. Its fabric is mode-colored rough diagonal, trimmed with cloth in the same shade. The skirt is composed of three parts, each one finished with a band of cloth, over an alpacalining. With the suit is worn a sleeveless vest made of mode and red striped woolen pique and high at the neck. The front may be buttoned on as shown, in case a variety is wished. and the remainder is made of satin, each side having two pockets and hooking in the center

eath the plastron or vest of pique. The to



AMID THE BLOSSOMS. of the satin lining near the neck is covered with brown silk and a brown silk tie is worn. The toilet is completed by a short jacket having revers and turned down collar faced with cloth. The jacket is cut off at the waist in the front and the back and the points adorned with two buttons. The balleon sleeves are ornamented

At mention of gardening one's thoughts would more naturally turn to some old dress and coarse protecting apron than to the stylish gown of the third picture, but it nevertheless is intended for wear amid the flower beds, in company with the trowel and watering pot. Its material is sand-colored woolen suiting, trimmed with white or palest pink faille. The skirt is very wide around the bottom, but snug over the hips. It is gathered in the back, lined with satin and has a thirty-inch strip of muslin as stiffening, but no trim-ming whatever. The bodice has loose fronts



faced with silk and a vest of faille fastening tons. The back is plain, with a pointed plas-tron of the faille. In front is a belt fastening with a bow of ribbon. The bodice is trimmed with full festooned bretelles, narrow in front and back, but wide over the shoulders. The fourth picture presents a pretty and simple house dress in a moss green crepe strewn with a figuring of tiny black flowers. It is made princess, perfectly plan and is lined with satin. All the seams in the skirt are biased and the dress hooks in the back. Its sole trimming consists of a draped fichu collar arranged in folds and caught up here and there. The right end is short, but the left hangs down for some distance, being held in place at the waist with fancy pins. The collar is arranged in pleats, fastened with jet straps having a long et fringe.

A TRICK IN VEILS. Here is a coming new trick in veils which is worth mentioning and which you can adopt safely if it seems attractive. Make your veil carefully to fit the hat. Both ends are finished with rosettes, which fasten at the back of the hat. From the rosette to the right a long scarf of the veil is attached. This either floats in the breeze, winds about your throat, falls over your shoulder, or you can hold it in your hand. Use the width of the goods for the width of the veil. The selvage of such goods is usually delicate and pretty. You may run very narrow real lace on the edge or you may finish it with the tiniest little bows of very narrow ribbon. The upper edge of the veil may be turned in a dainty hand-made hem, and ribbon inserted, by which the fullness is arranged. The



A WELL-DRESSED CALLER. ribbon comes out in two ends at the middle point of the upper edge, there to tie and make the veil as tight as you like. Or it can only pretend to tie there, and the little bow can be just a make believe. All this takes bow can be just a make believe. All this takes time and trouble, but the effect is charming, and it cannot be bought as yet. The one I saw had not even been worn, and it was an exclusive importation. Now is a chance for you to be among the very first to obtain this pretty device.

The material employed in the calling dress of

the last illustration is black and red changeable silk, set off with black velvet and black lace The bell skirt is lined with silk or satin and is stiffened throughout with muslin. Around the bottom there is a very fall ruffle of silk edged with velvet and attached to the skirt with two with velvet and attached to the skirt with two rows of gathers. At the back the fullness is arranged in two deep box pleats. The round waist goes inside the skirt and has no seams save those under the arms, although the fronts may have darts if necessary. Each front must be cut considerably wider than the lining to allow for the yoke-like shirring at the neck. The stuff is then drawn to the waist line and laid in tiny pleats. The back is treated in the same way, save that there is no shirring. The sleeves are finished at the wrist with a band of velvet and the belt and standing collar are of the same velvet. The waist is garnished with a full jabot of black lace.

A FAIR COMPROMISE. How Paris Combines Foulard and Taf-

feta. Last year foulard was the only cry that went up from all womankind. Paris echoed and reschood with it. We heard of wonderful shades for last year we were more Parisian than now. We have aped our English cousins rather more



FLOWERED FOULARD. of late. We were true devotees of the beautiful material and obediently donned it whenever

material and obedienty occasion allowed.

But'a season of it was enough. This year we looked for a new appearing. We found refreshment in the beautiful glaces, and taffetas, and sunrise and rambow silks. Paris, however, is faithful to her old love and still brings it forth on occasions. She occasionally sends a foulard over to our shores, amid the wealth of other over to our shores, amid the wealth of other gowns that carry with them the delicious frou frou so dear to a Frenchwoman's heart.

This one isn't all foulard, however. A compromise between the old and the new is effected by the addition of a little dahlia-colored taffeta.

The lightly flowered foulard appears in the upper and deep flounce of the skirt. The four ruffles below are alternated taffeta and foulard. The same design is observed in the bodice, where there are again four alternations. The plaited lace collar comes first, the dahlia taffeta bertha falls beneath, over the full foulard blouse, which is confined at the belt by the broad taffeta band. broad taffeta band.

The sleeves also follow the same rule. Sometimes, on a cool evening, its wearer slips a thin cape of two ruffles, the lower scarcely reaching her waist, under the lace collarette.

This gives a triple cape effect without its weight or thickness and carries still further the short ruffle effect of the whole gown.

From Puck. "How did you find society in Philadelphia?"

"Their gay season is like our Lent, and their

UNDER ITS DEEP SHADE. Folds of Chiffon and Lace Droop Over the

It is too bad that the new parasol is larger than of old; it prevents all those delightful opportunities which the smaller one afforded. On a very hot day, when the parasol covered two heads in place of one, how closely they had to get to be entirely shielded from the fierce rays of the sun. And if a shower came up unexpectedly and the parasol was of a sensible color and could be used as protection from the drops, what even closer proximity became necessary to be sheltered from the storm. And now the maiden frowns somewhat disconsolately at the big parasol that she twirls above her head, failing to be charmed with its tender beauty.

This particular one is chiffon and lace and ribben and handle. Although the handle is mentioned last it is by no means least important. Our handles sometimes overwhelm us with their audacity of design. Fancy a coarse, common vegetable tied with the most delicately shaded ribbon and overhung by great cloudy puffs of spotless chiffon. Yet that is what often happens. We that claim a beauty ever confine our extravargences to mild feature. eve confine our extravagances to wild fanci But to return to the cause of beauty's scowl.

One wonders how she can resist it, for it is of most delicate rose color, with a full chiffon star set in at the top. A few inches from the edge is a scallop of sunset ribbon, trimmed at each rib with a bow. A flounce of chiffon droops over and a big bow half covers the handle.



A ROSE-COLORED SHADE.

Another lies unheeded at her feet, closed, but color chiffon is edged with a deep ruche, its center is run with lovely insertion; a little further toward the tip stands out a tiny ruffle of lace, followed by another insertion. And it is crowned by a full chou of this self-same lace. From the handle one can pluck great, luscious cherries that grow there temptingly.

WHITE AND BLUE.

And Sometimes a Happy Combination of the Two. It is an established fact that for the seaside

and outing gown the favorite this summer is white. White linen, duck and serge, combined with white braids, silk and lace, are the order of the day. So that, when one lies on the beach and glances lazily around, one's eye meets ever pure, spotless visions all over the But one girl is willful. Her summer swain

has also donned this color, and it doesn't suit her to be clad in the same shade as he. When they sit on the sands their identity is lost to the gazer from behind. Besides, the beach sweeps away from the bluest of blue seas and the girl's figure must melt into that wonderful mass of Therefore she has matched its tint, and com-

Therefore she has matched its tint, and combined therewith to lighten the effect a stripe of paler blue and white. The latter forms the skirt, except where a broad band of the pale blue insists upon a place in the center. In the bodice the plain has the ascendancy—in the



A TRUE BLUE. inner kerchief that folds softly at the neck, and

and patterns, of changing, brilliant hues. We saw foulard on almost every woman we met—

in the loose sides that fall over. It appears as well in the sleeve ruffles that lie over the big striped puff and the loop bows that trim belt and skirt. White lace parasol and white lace hat were all that she meant to add, but she could not forbear a touch of pale yellow in the flowers on the hat and in the long suede gloves

Henry Clews' Toupes. From the Chicago Evening Post. "When I was a young man," remarked Henry Clews, the New York financier, "I had a very heavy growth of long silky hair, of which I was naturally very proud. While still a young man I discovered to my consternation that it was falling out rapidly. I dreaded baldness exceedingly and was sorely troubled. On my way down town to business I daily passed the establishment of Laird, an old-timer, whose store was near the old St. passed the establishment of Laird, an old-timer, whose store was near the old St. Nicholas Hotel, and in an unguarded moment I consulted him. He recommended that the top of my head be shaved and the bare spot fitted with a toupee. The shaving of the head, he declared, would promote the growth of the hair. I consented; my head was duly shaved hair. I consented; my head was duly shaved and fitted with a toupee so nicely that I scarcely noted the difference. It made me feel happy. One evening while at a fashionable dance, as I was gayly dancing with a most charming young lady. I was made the victim of my folly. A stout lady was taking her departure. She was in a great hurry to go, elbowing her way through the crowd of merry young folks. As she passed me one of the hooks of her cloak caught my toupee right where it lived. There was a yank, a struggle, a horrified scream from my companion, a burst of laughter from everybody else, an effusive apology from the stout lady, and away went my beloved toupee dangling to her shoulder. I had been scalped in cold blood. It was awful, I assure you. I wished for the proverbial trap door through the floor, but it wouldn't open. With a groan I grasped my toupee, and open. With a groan I grasped my toupes, and —well, I didn't stop to finish the dance."

From Life. A drive? How lovely! Yes, I'll go, of course.
I'll get my things. There, now. Is this your I'll get my things. There, now. Is this you horse?

He's such a nice big fellow. What's his name?

It's Nelly? Dh! I hope—it's very tame
And steady. Yes, it is a perfect day.

You're sure he won't he down or run away?

You needn't laugh! All horses have their tricks.

You don't suppose he'll mind that pile of bricks?

Oh, no, I'm not afraid—unless he rears.

Indeed, the view is sweet. Just see his ears.

One forward and one back! What can he mcan?

How's that? "The Mountebanks?" I haven't been.

I like her singing, but I can't see why

You men adore her so. He's going to shy!

Her acting seems to me quite commonplace,
And then she's so made up. Don't let him race,
He might be hard to stop. Here comes a team!

Oh, goodness! There, I didn't mean to scream.

'Twas silly, wasn't it? Look, here's a bump!

What do you think it was that made him jump?

Why, home already? Hasn't he been fast?

Come in and have some tea; it's not haif-past.

Oh won't he stand. not even if hot thaif-past. Come in and have some tea; it's not half-past.
Oh, won't he stand—not even if he's tied?
Well, then, good-bye. I've had a lovely ride.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE Makes Delicions Lemonade. A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water and sweetened to the taste will be found re-freshing and invigorating.



chilled air.

The sky was as dark and The steamer for Scubridge and was puffing its way across the gray waste, its lights gleaming very brightly in the

Amber Pasha walked up and down the deck with Gabriel Oldacre. Both were well pro-

querable tears at the thought of a green place in distant England, and of a girl whose eyes seemed to shine with all the glory of the heaven and the earth? He was silent for a little while, and Amber Pasha kept silence, too.

Presently Gabriel spoke.

"By the way, you have not told me why we are steaming toward Scutari."

"True," said Amber. "I said I had something to show you at Scutari—something to tell you on the way. What I want to tell you is a story, one of the many stories of my life—a story which I should like you to hear, and which I believe that you will hear with symmetry."

The man. And as I said, I was not in the least in love with Miss Trevannion, although I knew her for what she was, a sweet and lovable English girl. But I was only in love with the east.

"One day a number of us went for an expensive on the content in the least in love with Miss Trevannion, although I knew her for what she was, a sweet and lovable English girl. But I was not in the least in love with Miss Trevannion, although I knew her for what she was, a sweet and lovable English girl. But I was only in love with Miss Trevannion, although I knew her for what she was, a sweet and lovable English girl. But I was only in love with Miss Trevannion, although I knew her for what she was, a sweet and lovable English girl. But I was only in love with Miss Trevannion, although I knew her for what she was, a sweet and lovable English girl. But I was only in love with the latter when the way and the with the love with Miss Trevannion, although I knew her for what she was, a sweet and lovable English girl. But I was only in love with the latter when the way and the way and the way and the way and the way are well and the way and the wa

pathy."
Gabriel sighed. He felt sure that he knew very well what was the Pasha's purpose in tell-ing him a tale of his youth. He guessed that his friend wished to teach him that the sorrow of love which had wounded his heart so deeply was known too to his friend. That he, too, had received a wound in the fight, and had arisen again and gone his ways like a man. Gabriel was doing his best to be a man, but he had not the strong soul of Amber, and for a moment the tears came into his eyes again and blotted out the lines and lights of the beautiful city, and in their place he saw again with the mental eye that quiet English garden and that comely En-

Resolutely he fixed his eyes again upon the fantastic Turkish town, resolutely he fixed his attention upon the words that Amber Pasha was speaking, and while he listened he strove hard to banish from his mind all importunate memories and the name of the girl he had loved and lost.
"Yes," said Amber Pasha, "it is a great many

years ago, and I was young then, very young indeed—at least I know now that I was very young indeed, though at the time I did not think so, for I was nearly thirty years of age and thought myself the most venerable of men. Bismillah, what a raw lad I was for my years. I had been nowhere, had seen nothing.

Gabriel glanced inquiringly into the Pasha'

threshold of the east. I was going at last to Constantinople. The first time that I ever aw Constantinople I saw it under somewhat peculiar conditions. I had long been dreaming of that earliest glimpse of Stamboul, which was to reward my hopes and satisfy my expectations. I was up betimes on the morning when we steamed into the Dardanelles; through the faint mist of raw morning I scanned the distant coast of Asis Minor, and saw, or fondly fancied that I saw, dimly dark against the sky the Mound of Achilles. From the Greeks of the early age my thoughts turned to the Greeks of the early age my thoughts turned to the Greeks of that later age, the Greeks of that Byzantium I was now and at last approaching, Byzantium of the Varangians, the Micklegarth of the men of the north. Soon I should behold its domes of delicate curve, its crescents and its minarets, delicate curve, its crescents and its minarets, the white walls of its morques and the green quiet of its gardens rising like a dream of the Arabian nights out of the enchanted waters. "Alas for dear anticipation. This mist of the raw morning deepened, darkened, curtained close the vessel, muffled the shores in an impenetrable gray, swallowed up sea and land and sky. We sailed up to the sea gates, to the quays of Constantinople in a fog that for consistency and opacity rivaled the most strenuous efforts of brumous London far away. Perhaps at mo-ments, and only for moments, the veil would lift here and there a ragged edge and show a lift here and there a ragged edge and show a surface of lapping water, the glimpse of a white building ghostly in the gloom, the crest of a stately minaret, a green gleam of waving foliage. Only for moments; then the mist would descend and deepen again, screening Constantinople as jealously from the eyes of her Frankish lover as ever folded thicknesses of gauze concealed a harem lady from the curious glances of the glaour. Constantinople, for all that I could see of it might be avactly like giances of the giaour. Constantinople, for all that I could see of it, might be exactly like Wapping, or Staten Island, or Calais; might be more beautiful than Naples or more commonplace than Gravesend for anything that I could see or say to the contrary. In the mantle of this masking fog our steamer came to her halt, lay alongside the dock. Fezzed officials began to appear unexpectedly over the ship's side, leaping like Jacks-in-the-box out of the almost palpable yellowness. We had arrived at our journey's end, and still Constantinople was as strange to us as if we were back again in England.

England.

"There were some people on board with whom I had made friends. I was alone, and I have always been of the gregarious kind, and I can say with Gothe, that I never met a really dull person. So wherever I have been I have always found companions, and often found

Gabriel's fancy floated swiftly back over seas to the day when he sat and looked at the little Surrey church yard, and saw the face and heard the voice of Amber Pasha for the first heard the voice of Amber Pasha for the first time. So in consequence of his mind listening to the words that voice spoke then his ear was inattentive to the words the voice was speaking now, and it was some seconds before he again was comprehensive of what Amber Pasha was saying. He was speaking of his companions on board the ship.

"She was a very pretty girl; one of the prettiest girl creatures that I think I have ever seen. I had never seen a prettier then; I have never seen a prettier since. It was a soft and tender kind of beauty, if indeed the word beauty does not convey something of a stronger

beauty does not convey something of a stronger impression than belonged by right to her delicate coloring and youthful comeliness. Her hair was very fair, quite 'comme les bles,' as de Musset sings of the girl in his song, and her eyes were very blue and her lips were warmly red. There, I can't describe her; she was pretty exquisitely pretty with a pethetic compared.

red. There, I can't describe her; she was pretty, exquisitely pretty, with a pathetic, carressing weakness of demeanor which was very captivating. 'Afsos!' I wonder if we ever know what happiness really is?''

"There are so many kinds of happiness," said Gabriel, gravely. "The negro, with a vellow kerchief twisted around his woolly head, is happy in the applicable singling big wild soons.

of apples of which he was the possessor and into one of which his large white teeth made great munching bites at intervals.

Amber Pasha laughed as he followed the di-

rection of Gabriel's gesture.
"He looks like a Darfur man; he is probably

HE WIND WAS SKIM
Missiri's, Constantinople had ceased to be acity of shadows, a cloud-cuckoo town of vapors, fantastically; vague, and had taken its place in our understandings with the solid cities of the water into strong waves.

Missiri's, Constantinople had ceased to be acity of shadows, a cloud-cuckoo town of vapors, fantastically; vague, and had taken its place in our understandings with the solid cities of the water into strong waves. the great Asiatic capital of Europe was familiar to our wondering eyes. But for the exterior, as cold as the sky of a London winter, but the for the city of the Sultans, rising from the Bosphorous with all its mosques and colder in that Constantinople December than it often is in London.

The as cold as the sky of a London winter, but the for the city of the Sultans, rising from the Bosphorous with all its mosques and minarets, its crescents and domes, and cypress groves and gardens, I had perforce to wait until I was saying my first farewells to the most enchanting, perplexing capital in the went on again.

The cour wondering eyes. But for the exterior, for that view of the city of the Sultans, rising from the Bosphorous with all its mosques and cypress groves and gardens, I had perforce to wait until I was saying my first farewells to the most enchanting, perplexing capital in the went on again.

The cour wondering eyes. But for the exterior, for that view of the city of the Sultans, rising from the Bosphorous with all its mosques and cypress groves and gardens, I had perforce to wait until I was saying my first farewells to the work of the city of the Sultans, rising from the Bosphorous with all its mosques and cypress groves and gardens, I had perforce to wait until I was saying my first farewells to the work of the city of the Sultans, rising from the Bosphorous with all its mosques and cypress groves and gardens, I had perforce to wait until I was saying my first farewells to the work of the city of the Sultans, rising from the Bosphorous with all its mosques and cypress groves and gardens, I had perforce to wait until I was saying my first farewells to the work of the city of the Sultans, rising from the Bosphorous with all its mosques and cypress groves and gardens, I had perforce to wait until I was saying my first farewells to the work of the city of the Sultans, rising from the Bosphorous with all its mosques and cypress and cypress groves and gardens, I had perforce to wait until I was saying my first farewells to the work of the city of the Sultans, rising from the Bosphorous with all its m The steamer for Scutari had just left its landing stage by the its way across the gray something whimsically fitting in the almost magical way in which one sailed out of Europe into mist, and when the mist had lifted found

her, and our friendship never resembled a commonplace familiar flirtation in the slightest de gree. It was no part of my plan of life to marry young. I was ambitious, independent; like Othello, I did not wish to change my free unhoused condition for the sea's worth. My dream was travel, and travel of the kind I had dreamed of was not wisely possible for a mar-ried man. And as I said, I was not in the least

dition outside the walls of Constantinople. We were quite a large party, men from the em-bassy, recently arrived travelers, official resi-dents, a very bright, joyous body of men and women. We had luncheon at the country who had a Turkish gentleman of great wealth, who held high office under the sultan, and whose house, or rather palace, was one of the wonders and delights of the Constantinople of that determine the constantinople of the that determine the constantinople of the co that day. in a place that was worthy of Sin-bad at his zenith, our host entertained us with a splendor that was worthy of the great wan-

derer in his glory. "As usual, Rose Trevannion and I were thrown together, and we found much pleasure in admiring all that our host's house and gardens had to offer for our admiration. I was on ardent admirer of eastern art and architec what are a transfer of eastern art and architecture; I knew a little about it and I thought I knew a great deal. Women have a great respect for any learning that is or seems to be beyond their ken, and I think Miss Trevannion looked upon me as a very learned person indeed. As a matter of fact, I suppose I was rather priggish, but I was not a dull prig, I believe, and I did not bore my companion.
"We were all to ride home in the cool of the evening, and our way lay for some while through the park of our Turkish host. It was a very large park, indeed. It has long since disap-peared. Civilization moves onward even in Stamboul, and land is valuable, and the place

"With much laughter the major part of our we fell behind and lost sight of our more adventurous companions, whose voices soon died away in the distance. We rode quietly along, delighted with the beauty of the scene and talking the kind of sentimentalism that a young man and a young woman are only too likely to talk under such conditions. Through the stately ranks of the cypresses the rays of the evening sun barred our path with alternating gold and sable. The sky was very blue above our heads; the air was exquisitely warm and perfumed with the heavy fragrance of the roses for which the Pasha was famous. The gardens, whenever we saw them through gaps in the whenever we saw them through gaps in the trees, gleamed with the color of parterres of gorgeous flowers, and birds sang in the bos-cages. It was an enchanting evening, full of subtle appeals to all the senses.

subtle appeals to all the senses.

"Then it happened. Our horses were very close together. We were going very slowly. We were quite alone. I had said something, I know not what, and she had looked up at me smiling. She was so pretty and so young, and she seemed so pleased to listen to me, and I suppose between the charm of her beauty and the flattery of her admiration I lost my foolish head. I only know that, without thinking what I was doing, I slipped my arm round her waist, and stooping down kissed her on the mouth.

no signs of speaking, he ventured to disturb
his silonce.

"Well," he asked, "what happened then?"
The Pasha still gazed at the shore.

"The only thing that could happen, he said.

"The only possible course for me as a decent
fellow was to accept the situation and to fall
in with the girl's belief. Many a man would
have been only too happy to be in my place.
Honestly I was not happy. I did not want to
marry; I was not in love with Rose Trevannion.
But she thought I was, and my act had beloed But she thought I was, and my act had helped to make her think so, and that was enough for me. I kissed her again, and when we regained

said Gabriel, gravely. "The negro, with a vellow kerchief twisted around his woolly head, is happy in the sunlight singing his wild songs. But if I were to spend all my substance in canary-colored silk it would afford me very little delight."

As he spoke he pointed to where, in the front of the boat, not very far from where they were, a great negro stood, the most picturesque of the many picturesque figures that thronged the humbler portion of the steamer. He was as black as ebony and above the living bronze of his face he had wound a great yellow turban. He was talking eagerly to an immobile Turk, and his whole bearing was animated by a sense of the pleasure of being alive, a pleasure that was heightened for the moment by the handful of apples of which he was the possessor and into son why I should blunder brutally in telling the poor girl the truth, possibly breaking her heart, and certainly giving a cruel blow to her delicate, shrinking nature and to her gentle pride. The only possible course left to me as a gentleman, as a man with any decent feeling, was to make her life as happy as anything that

I could do would make it.

"To do Trevannion justice, he was not greatly rejoiced at my proposal. He had hoped for greater things for his beautiful daughter, and an alliance with a baronet's younger son. very happy with his yellow turban and his yellow apples. Well, I was happy in those days of my youth, happy to get to Stamboul, happy in the companions of my journey. Trevannion was going out on a special mission to the sublime Porte. He was a widower, and his daughter, and his daughter, was my obstion, of my modest means. He listened ter Rose was his constant companion. Trevan- gravely, and, as I could see, regretfully. He is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewes. with their greesy, ropy curls of hair, dancing from later.

"The pangs of misprized love are cruel, God knows; they sear like glowing irons; they leave their ineffaceable brand upon heart and brain.

went on again.

"But I can scarcely imagine a sharper sorrow, a keener pain, than I endured then, in those hours which ought to have been so happy. It was no fault of mine. Love cannot be commanded, and I could not with the best will in the world cheat myself for a single hour into the belief that I loved Rose Trevannion to be magical way in which one sailed out of Europe into mist, and when the mist had lifted found oneself actually in Constantinople. It was not unreasonable after all that one should arrive as in a dream in the city of dreams.

"During those early days in Constantinople inspired she took without a doubt for the devo-

unreasonable after all that one should arrive as in a dream in the city of dreams.

"During those early days in Constantinople leave without a doubt for the devotion of passion.

"During those early days in Constantinople leave the Turk. Amber Pasha, as all the world knows, is the most remarkable of all the world knows, is the most remarkable of all the many remarkable Europeans who have entered the Turkish service. Gabriel Oldacre was his private secretary and intimate friend.

All around them lights were beginning to shine out like stars, for it was drawing to the dusk, and Constantinople looked like a fairy city in the waning day. The great domes and minarets of that marvelous eastern dream in Europe grew blacker against the darkening sky. A fine crescent of silver moon, as keenly to be understood that the Trevannions. It dame gradually curved as the scimitar of some old-time Soldan of Stamboul, seemed to cut its way into the heavens.

Gabriel's eyes were fixed upon the fading city. The moisture in his eyes may have been caused by the keen, cold air, or was it unconquerable tears at the thought of a grien lake the did and the affection that fondness and the affection that foundness and the affection that founds all the many tenarity of the devotion of passion.

"I declare to you, my dear Gabriel, that I have known few sufferings more intense—and I have known few suffering which having the l what I had done and my anger for what I could not do. And all the while my poor little sweet-

got an appointment under the sultan, partly through Mr. Trevannion's interest, for of one dependent upon my wife's fortune. And so the days went by, days that I look back upon now with an invincible sadness, with an ex-quisite pity, beautiful, unhappy, despairing days that gave my life its first and most enduring sorrow.

"It all ended very sadly. It ended within She was very delicate, and oriental towns are not the best abiding places for delicate women. One day she was very well and bright and happy. The next day she was struck with fever. In a week she was dead." Amber Pasha stopped speaking. Gabriel glanced shyly at him, saw that his hands gripped the rail of the vessel very hard. There was silence for a few seconds, and then Amber

began again, with a voice that was not as firm as it was wont to be:
"Thank God that to the last, as long as she "Thank God that to the last, as long as she retained consciousness, she was happy, confident in me. She did not dream of her danger; she never knew it. Oh, if I could only have brought her back to life with any sacrifice that I could make, how gladly I would have done it. I would have devoted my life to her; I would have been friend, husband, lover, all. You cannot dream how black my ingratitude seemed, how hideous my selfishness, how mean my ambitions by that deathbed. There, I have told you what I have never told to any one else. It was what I have never told to any one else. It was long enough before I came to myself, and could face the world with courage, and bear to think of myself without detestation. I have loved and been loved since, of course. I was but a boy

Moved by an uncontrollable impulse. Gabriel stretched out his hand to Amber. Amber took it, and the men exchanged a loyal pressure by

the grave of the English girl.

Then they walked slowly back to the landing

Young Scribble-"But it's a translation from the great Victor Hugo."
Editor.-"That's nothing; just change it. He'll

never know the difference; he's dead.'

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That Japanese Temple.

From World's Fair Puck.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 11, 1893. "Ride! Ride!" "Of course, of course; how much?"

"Fifty cents." You proffer the amount. "Nickel for driver, nickel for driver!"

The nickel is forthcoming also. You then proceed to get astride of a great brown mound that rises from the ground in front of you. There is a lot of shabby red silk over the little mountain and something that passes for a sad-die. Having straddled it you have very much the same sensation that you had when you were May, 1894, returning in October of the same

the same sensation that you had when you were a boy and used to ride your mother's big trunk in the garret—your legs are too short and only stretch half way across the top.

"Lean back, lean back!"

You obey and the mountain rises behind you, and just as you are about to abandon the effort not to plunge forward the mountain rises in front of you, and lo! you are on the top of a camel, driven by an Egyptian, in a street in Cairo.

"Look out, look out!"

ON A CAMEL'S BACK.

The driver, in his long blue gown, with a turban on his head and a long stick in his hand, is walking by the camel's head scattering the people whom you would otherwise trample upon. What a mighty and prolonged jolt there is in the camel's stride. As you go pitching along you cannot help reflecting upon the inexpressable agony that would be yours if the camel should take it into his head to trot. But where is his head? You crane and contemptuous under lip that are a part of the beast that you are riding, but they are so the song stored will be landed at the camel's beat they are so the boy and the rest in the camel's beat? You crane and contemptuous under lip that are a part of the beast that you are riding, but they are so the song stored will be landed at the conducted on a rather novel plan.

Thus only one summer will be occupied in prosecuting in prosecuting in Prosecuting the enterprise, which will be conducted on a rather novel plan.

The customary avenue of approach to the conducted on a rather novel plan.

The customary avenue of approach to the conducted on a rather novel plan.

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The customary your neck and see far forward the sleepy eyes and contemptuous under lip that are a part of the beast that you are riding, but they are so remote that you cannot imagine them as being in any way connected with you. What else do you see? Why, you are so much occupied the winter in, should it be necessary to do so, not do. And all the while my poor little sweetheart was perfectly happy and I was envied by
every unmarried man in the English colony.

"We were to be married in a month. I had
got an appointment under the sultan, partly

"Lean back, lean back!"

"The long-robed driver is shouting to you again, but this time in your confusion you forget to obey. Down goes the front of the mountain, and you dart off like an inverted sky-rocket into the arms of a motley throng of donkey boys and camel drivers. The entire length of your ride on the camel has not exceeded a quarter of a mile, but the distance has been quite sufficient. As you shake yourself and congratulate yourself upon your safety after many perils gone through, the

the donkeys—poor, patient, phlegmatic little beasts, standing as still as statues until some one gets on one, when he goes his route, whisking his tail, taking uneven little steps and getting over a given surface of ground about as slowly and irregularly as possible. There is, of course, much shouting to make way and the donkey gets as many hard knocks as can conveniently be given to him. There is something charmingly free and easy about this donkey riding. Although some of them are provided with side saddles, most of them are not; but that makes no difference. If a woman wants to ride she sits a man's saddle using the normal.

At the same time two important lines of the park of our Turkish host. It was a very large park, indeed. It has long since disappeared. Civilization moves onward even in Stamboul, and land is valuable, and the place has years ago been cut up, and manufactories stand on what was then an oriental earthly paradise. One great beauty of the place was a winding grove of cypresses that stretched for nearly three miles, serpenting in aud out of the glowing gardens that composed the park. Through this cypress grove our cavalcade had to take its way.

"With much lengths and content and of her death dates to make the strings and they are usually discarded. The of her high and of her death dates to make its way.

"With much lengths host. It was a very large park, indeed. It has long since disappeared. It has long since disappeared. It has long since disappeared with a boy then. I am no longer young now. But that, I think, is the reason why I have never married."

The steamer had arrived at Scutari. In silence Amber Pasha and Gabriel went on shore, and in silence they walked till they came to the cemetery where sc many English sleep.

Amber led the way through a succession of paths in that city of sleep. Suddenly he came to a pause before a simple square sarcophagua.

On the stone was cut the words "To the memory of Rose Trevannion," followed by the dates of the park and of her death dates to make the provided with side saddles, most of them are not; but that does not matter. She must hang on as best she may and, strange to say, she seldom falls off. When a man rides he is supposed to be superior to stirrups and they are usually discarded. The

On the stone was cut the words "To the memory of Rose Trevannion," followed by the dates of her birth and of her death, dates too addy to be supposed to be supported to the supported to t

A BRIDAL PROCESSION High above the noise of the ape and the

donkey boys there is borne to your ears the Chicago News Record. seemed to please to listen to me, and I suppose tween the charm of her beauty and the lead. I only know that, without thinking what I was doing, I slipped my arm round her wait, and tologing down kined her on the loston Berad.

Pre-summore of the Bean.

Pre-summore of the Bean. beating of drums and the weird, monotonous music of the pipes. Evidently something un-

going on. Three men are singing and dancing.
They hop around to the tune of a slow chant and at intervals they slap each other on the neck.
One of the men is old and the others are of middle age. They are not of high caste, for they are clothed in cotton robes. The population of Cairo, it may be remarked, may be divided into two classes, one of which wears silk and the other cotton. There are doubtless and the statement of these elegents with they are too. subdivisions of these classes, but they are too minute to be examined into. One of the subdivisions of these classes, but they are too minute to be examined into. One of the dancers stops every little while and passes among the strangers, asking for backsheesh. How much will you give him? Some people unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get unload coppers on him, others contribute nicks and others drop silver in his palm. You can get when the Chicago Eventar Post.

Probably Theodore Boosevell. Probably Theodore Boosevell was more gratified that polarity of the board of civil service commissioners. He was gratified, for it is always gratifying to set a way out the palm you can get reliable to the surface of the board of civil service commissioners. He was gratified, for it is always gratifying to set a way out it was your labors are appreciated, but when you guite of a kind you never dream of the board of civil service commissioners. He was gratified, for it is always gratifying to set a way out it was your labors of the board of civil service commissioners. He was gratified, for it is always gratifying to set a

THE COST OF A KISS.

Inion and I had a vast number of common friends, and when we came to Constantinople in the fog we seemed as if we—he, she and I—had been friends for ages.

An Episode in the Life of Amber Pasha.

An Episode in the Life of Amber One of Amber Pasha.

By JUSTIN HUNTLY MOUARTHY.

The COST OF A KISS.

Inion and I had a vast number of common friends for ages.

Through the fog we seemed as if we—he, she and I—had been friends for ages.

Through the fog we left the ship; through the fog we struggled with excited custom house followed our gallant dragoman to a carriage; soon what happened in the interview between father and daughter, but when it was ended Trevan-nion came to me and shook me gravely by the hand and told me that there was nothing left for him but to give his consent to the marriage. And when I saw Rose and saw how happy she looked, and with what timid by she greeted and dwindled and at last vanished, so that by the time our driver drew bridle at the door of Missirt's, Constantinople had ceased to be acity

THE COST OF A KISS.

Inion and I had a vast number of common friends, and when we came to Constantinople in the fog we seemed as if we—he, she and I—had been friends, and when he added that he loved his daughter too dearly to be other than guided by her wishes.

"What those wishes were Trevannion was not long left in doubt of. I never knew, of course, what happened in the interview between father and daughter, but when it was ended Trevannion came to me and shook me gravely by the hand and told me that there was nothing left for him but to give his consent to the marriage.

An Unit of the Colly in Egypt, but a Duplicate at the Pair.

Sensation When Riding on a Camel or a where there is a wisan in my experience, for Jaffa was then unknown to my experience, for Jaffa was then unknown there is a wisan in my experience, for Jaffa was then unknown to dear if you want them to dance and begging for coins whether you want them to or not.

Can it be possible that this is a gaie? And what is the meaning of the sign reading "Exit?" If you go out do you find yourself on the desert with the pyamids and sphinx confronting you? No! You step out into the endiess stream of humanity in the Plaisance. A vender offers you popcorn and here is a stand where there is nothing sold but chewing gum. Of a verity you are in the jurisdiction of the great city of Chicago. But is it possible you were in Chicago a few moments ago with the camels and donkeys and the dancers and the mosques and temples and the coffee and copper-colored people who spoke and sang the languages of the desert? Yes! It is simply one of the thousand shows of the fair.

UNKNOWN LAND OF ELLESMERE, A Party of Explorers From Washington to Visit Its West Coast.

An expedition for exploring an unknown region of the Arctic is being organized in Washington. Mr. Robert Stein of the geological survey conceived the ides of it originally. The party, to consist of not less than eight men, proposes to leave St. John's, Newfoundland, ir

you see? Why, you are so much occupied with your bodily discomfort that you notice little. There is a surging mass of people below you. They have very much the same appearance that is presented by a crowd viewed from a fifth-story window. You see the second stories of the houses that line the street.

"Lean back, lean back!"

the winter in, should it be necessary to do so, with provisions enough for two years. Two men will remain to guard this depot and make observations. The others will travel westward and northward along the unknown shore as far as they can go. A preliminary trip of two weeks will determine the best mode of travel, whether by launch, by whaleboat or by sledge, and will core at the same time to establish an

has been quite sufficient. As you shake yourself and congratulate yourself upon your safety after many perils gone through, the thought flashes across you that there are actually men who ride camels for days at a time. Poor fellows! how very unhappy they must be.

The camel sits at the gates of the Cairo street in the Midway Plaisance at the world's Columbian exposition, and is almost the first thing that the visitor sees after he has passed the ticket office and the porter at the gate.

Mingled with the camels, indeed, mixed up with everything in this quarter of Cairo, are the donkeys—poor, patient, phlegmatic little beasts, standing as still as statues until some direction, the expedition will avoid the heavy expense of chartering a special ship. The base of operations will be within eighty mile of the whaling grounds in Lancaster sound, and nually frequented by eight or ten powerful steamers. The explorers will start with their strength at the highest because fresh from a fresh diet. Their provisions will be fresh from the market. They will not start from the deposited on dry land behind them, in a fired the porter at the gate.

THE DONKEY BIDE.

Mingled with the camels, indeed, mixed up with everything in this quarter of Cairo, are the donkeys—poor, patient, phlegmatic little beasts, standing as still as statues until some

At the same time two imp

At the same time two important lines or work will be carried on at the depot. Pendulum observations will be made with the most improved appliances, and magnetic phenomena will be studied by photographic methods. Neither of these two kinds of observations has

The Fastest Talker in the World Makes His

Herr Pollak of Europe is here. Of all the note-

sugar, vinegar."
Then he takes a quick breath, and, as leader of the orchestra quickens the tempo, goes at it again with: "Money, rum, idiot, chestnut, cheese, della

gum, spring chicken this counts two we street, sweet, write, smile, chin."

And so on.

He places himself under bonds not to repeat
a word. He carries around in his closes
40,000 florins, which he says he will give to any
stenographer who will take down what he